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NO PLAYS EXCHANGED

·THE ETHIOPIAN DRAMA·

TTLE NONSENSE NOW AND THEN IS RELISHED BY THE WISEST MEN.

The Wax Works at Play.

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CHICAGO
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L. BRAUNHOLD.

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Sparkling Cup, tempe[r] acts, 2 hrs.		
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Ticket of Leave Man, [4] hrs. 45 min		
Tony, the Convict, 5 [acts] hrs. 30 min.		
Toodles, 2 acts, 1 hr. 1		
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Under the Laurels, 5 ac[ts] 45 min.		
Under the Spell, 4 act[s] 30 min.		
Wedding Trip (The), [2] hr.		
Won at Last, 3 acts, 1 min.		
Yankee Detective, 3 ac[ts]		

FARCES AND SK[ETCHES]

Assessor, sketch, 10 min	
Babes in Wood, burle[sque] min.	
Bad Job, 30 min.	
Bardell vs. Pickwick, 2	
Beautiful Forever, 30	
Blind Margaret, music	
Borrowing Trouble, 25	
Breezy Call, 25 min.	
Bumble's Courtship, 18 min.	
Cabman No. 93, 40 mi	
Christmas Ship, music	
Circumlocution Office,	
Country Justice, 15 mi	
Cow that Kicked Chi[ld] min.	
Cut off with a Shilling.	
Deception, 30 min.	
Desperate Situation, 25	
Dutchman in Ireland,	
Fair Encounter, sketch	
Family Strike, 20 min	
Free-Knowledge-ist, 2 [acts] min.	
Friendly Move, sketch	
Hans Von Smash, 30	
Hard Cider, temperance	
Homœopathy, Irish, 30	
Ici on Parle Francais,	
I'll Stay Awhile, 20 m	
I'm not Mesilf at All, 1 min.	
Initiating a Granger, 2	
In the Dark, 25 min.	

T. S. DENISON, Publisher, 163 Randolph St., Chi.

WAX WORKS AT PLAY

By

HENRY L. WILLIAMS,

Author of "Lime Kiln Club," "Darky Dramas," etc.

CHICAGO

T. S. DENISON, Publisher

163 Randolph St.

1894

WAX WORKS AT PLAY.

PS3319 W3 W623

CHARACTERS.	CAST.
RAPHAEL PATTERN, a wax-modeler	Interlocutor or Light Comedy.
MAT, his man	Low Comedy (End Man if Black Face), may be Dialect.
WING FAT, a Chinese laundryman	Character Com.
LULU, a colored wash-lady	Soubrette (Black Face if MAT is so).

WAX FIGURES, Washington, Chicago, Canada, Dickens, Britannia, Longfellow, Gov. McKinley, Utah, Sandow, Cupid (like *Puck*), Gen. Jackson, etc.

NOTE.—The whole may appear in black face, or only MAT and LULU; or these can be dialect, Irish or Dutch. The *figures* may be classical, or fanciful, burlesque; or local.

SCENERY.—STUDIO; at back alcoves with stand for figures; alcoves on each side, screens to alcoves. Pictures, pier or cheval glass; artistic objects, easel, wax bust on stand. Table at side.

COSTUMES.—Modern, unless the figures are classical or historical.

PATTERN, sculptor's blouse over evening dress.

MAT., servant's dress; exaggerate his being a "boy."

LULU, gay hat and feathers, fancy jacket, shoes to dance in.

WING FAT, Chinese, partly modernized; cue coiled up to come down.

FIGURES, characteristic or burlesqued. WASHINGTON with hatchet by his side; LONGFELLOW and DICKENS have book labels of their works on their dress; CANADA and CHICAGO and the STATES are personifications as accepted; CUPID like Puck on the comic [illegible]

PROPERTIES.—Artistic paraphernalia; club for SANDO[illegible] Hercules; bow and arrows for CUPID-PUCK; hatchet for WASH[illegible]

MUSIC.—March and "animations," from "Don Gio[illegible] "Zampa," "Giselle," etc. Gong and big drum ready.

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STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R means right of the stage; *C* center; *R C* right center; *L* l[illegible]

Order number

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WAX WORKS AT PLAY.

SCENE.—*Interior of Sculptor's Studio. Curtains cover alcoves.*

NOTE.—*To save time the figures do not appear.* PATTERN *enters saying, as if to them behind screens, "I am glad you understand me, dear friends, and now that all is fixed to give my prying servant a lesson," etc., as follows:*

Enter PATTERN *with the* FIGURES. *He has his blouse on. They are in ordinary dress.*

PAT. Well, my friends, you see that I have all prepared for our evening's sport. But first, to have a salutary sport with Mat, my inquisitive servant. Mat is a good boy, but a constant worry because he will fool with the art objects, and *Art*—in me—*objects*. If you will kindly stand up for wax-work figures, you will work an instructive scare on him. Mat will be so reformed that the ordinary studio jack will be unfit for the *mat* under his feet. (*All bow assent.*) To your places, then, and pose! You will find dress and fixings behind the screen. (*Exeunt all behind curtains.* PATTERN *goes up. Voice of* MAT *heard at back.*)

Dat ole blue jay hab got a black eye:
De cat lose her kit but I doan' cry—
'Cause I'se so happy!

PAT. That is my boy Mat. Knock his intolerable meddling out and he will be my pearl. Wait till we polish him. (*Smiles and exits L. D.*)

Enter MAT *at back with wood in his arms. He kicks the door open and kicks it shut behind him roughly. Comes to stove, singing:*

De cat's las' kit was stripe' wid yaller:
Dat kind of fur it fotch a dollar!
(*Drops the wood and slaps his pocket.*)
An' I'se so—
(*Wood on his toe, makes him grin.*) I'se so mis'ble! (*Kicks the wood and winces at splinter which he draws out of his shoe.*) Dat wood is de mos' contrerary I ebber seed; makes me a sporky-spine. Toting wood's stuck me full of splints and I ain't stuck on it. An' dis stove! I wish I had Dr. Franklin here that inwented it. I would frankle him so his mother would refuse him cold pie. It burn so much and so badly. I is so mis'ble! I had a liberal eddication and dat 'spires me to want to know more—to know lots—eberyting! And all de folks forms a ring to keep a *gin-house* down. I has artistic respirations. Ya-as. Ole Jedge Barleycorn he sees me draw a

pitcher on de side of his barn—(*Pauses, indignantly.*) Yaas, a pitcher—de pitcher of de Deepholler nine. No guff! (*Chuckles. Chuckle repeated all round the stage by the* FIGURES. *Alarmed.*) Who dar? What dar? (*Appeased.*) Dat's what mars' calls a Hecker. I know him—he makes de self-raiser buckwheat cakes—dat's de Hecker! Well, when de judge he see dat pitcher he say; "I 'low dat boy will be a gin-house one deseyer days!" He oughter know 'bout artisks. He must hab sent more dan a gross of kalsominers to de stonepile. (*Puts wood into stove.*) Burn up, you ole b-icicle! You doan' kotch Mr. Pattern a-coming into de stujio till dar is a blaze here to match him wid his blazer on. An' what does he come fur, anyway. (*Lourges on divan.*) To laze about! It is monstrous how folks is took in by deseyer artisks. He smokes—(*puffs a cigar*) dis is one ob his she-roots—thirty centers—two for five. And he calls it indulgerating in his yeasterthetic suspirations! Says it plunges him into *Nirvana.* He's got a *nerve* on him. Why, any fool kin do what he does. It comes so blame easy—if you are artiskically gifted, like me. (*Rises, gets brand out of fire and draws with black end on a piece of marble.*) Dar! dat's a—a— cocoanut, or a cherub head. No, dat is massa's portray—as he calls a like-an-ass. (*Rubs it.*) Oh, what a smudge! It's soaked in. He'll put me in soak if he sees hit. (*Smears the marble.*) I've botched it! it wont come out; an' I mus' go out! What'll I do? I know! what a bright lad I is! (*Blackens the whole stone.*) Now, dat'll pass for a lump of coal, and I will run de fiah wid it some day. (*Noise behind L. 1 E. niche.*) What's dat? Who—who dar? (*Frightened.*) 'Taint de boss! It can't be—eh? I is always 'spicious of dem wax critters. (*Goes to L. and lifts screen slightly.* WASHINGTON'S *hatchet falls.*) My! laike to chop my foot off! (*Takes up hatchet.*) Who did dat? (*Flourishes hatchet and hits back of his own head.*) Laike to knock myself down. Dat's a hint fur me to chop more kindlin', reckon. But I wont. (*Goes up to wax bust on stand.*) Hello! what's de boss been doin' to that gob of wax since I leff hit? He calls dat a bust. (*Flourishes hatchet.*) You say two syllabus and I bust you, see! Why, it ain't got no eyes. (*Inserts bits of blackened wood.*) De white folks doan' catch on to making portrait-statyers nateral. What a head! (*Shapes it with the hatchet.*) Now, dat is somefin more like human. (*Lays the hatchet on table.* WASHINGTON *takes it in.*) One more lick and I shall pare dat head complete. (*Misses the hatchet.*) What—why? My! Gone without *ax*-ing my leave. (*Goes to L. 1 E.*) Eh! (*Lifts screen.*) Why, old Gineral George has got it again. (*Retires to C.*) Doan' tell me—dis stujio is haunted! Not dat I am scared. (*Takes up stiletto.*) Come on, Georgie! (*Comes down to bust.*) He dassent. Why, dishyer is de berry tool for the biz. (*Shapes head with the stiletto.*) Say, dey can't larn me nuffin about *muddling.* (*His hand at back of the wax to steady it as he gouges.*) Dis is to represent—great Scott! (*Sticks stiletto through the wax into his hand.*) What's dat stuck me? (*Sucks his finger.*) Oh! (*Lets stiletto drop on foot.*) Ouch! Say, that did hurt! (*Holds the foot in other hand.*) Why, I am hoss-de-come-back. (*Leans against stand, which falls with wax, and he rolls on the latter, supposed to stick to him.*) I can't git up! (*With an effort rises,*

removing wax with both hands.) Dat's a Flat-head Injin now. (*Puts the shapeless lump on the stand.*) Nebber pass for a bust! I is in a fix. No, dis is my bright idee day. One ob de udder heads will just suit dis crisis. (*At L. 1 E.*) Dis one—no, dar's aig of mischiff right in dar, an' I doan' wanter *hatch*-it. (*Goes up L. Sneeze off L. 2 E. niche.*) Eh? Who breaved? I was so chill wid skeer dat I mus' hab snoze and not know it. (*Laughs.*)

FIGURES *laugh one after another, so that the sound runs right round.*

MAT. (*Frightened.*) Day doan' want deir heads trifled wid. (*Lifts screen L. U. E.*) You doan' want yer head trifled wid? Say, dat feller's head moved! (*Staggers down to C.*) Mos' folks wouldn't b'lieve dat dem figgers could get a move onto their head; but dey kin. And if de heads kin move—I see dat—why not de res' ob dem? I would not stop here 'mong dem, in the dark, for forty lebben millionaires. I doan' want none of their heads, anyway. I kin make anoder just as good. (*Returns to bust and models it grotesquely.*) He wont notice de differ'; I does mos' ob de wuk myself, anyway, but de boss gits de credit and de cash. Dat's de moral of wuk in dis world—one gits de *wax*, de udder de *honey*. (*Chuckles.*)

Chuckle repeated by all the FIGURES.

MAT. (*Alarmed.*) Wat's—oh, dat's de Hecker! Ha, ha! But see here; if youse doan' stop raising de buckwheat, I will raise *cane!* (*Flourishes the mahl-stick.*) Dat settles dem. Dey knows me, and I knows dem—better dan de boss. I kon lecture all around dem, same as him when de visitors come in. (*Points wrong as he chants.*) That's

Canady, a lady who wears a Tammy-cap;
And Fame's dat gal in blinkers who studies off a map;
That Hy-men is a low man and carries sword and scales;
When with the Jesse Jameses he goes a-spearing whales;
Cap. Kidd, he is a 'missioner, and looking mouty grand;
With Grant and oder admirals he now doth take his stand;
But ober all is Beauty—

(*Knock at D. F.*) Eh? (*Frightened.*) I say, ober all is Beauty. De boss he thinks he's got an eye for beauty; but if he was to see my Lulu, ah! he would not look farder for a *muddle* and *fair* wuss. (*Knock D. F.*) Who's dat? (*Draws the curtain and discovers* CHICAGO, *who makes a mock salute.*) My! We is hoodooed! (*Drops curtain.*) De boss nebber *moldered* her in dat attitude! (*At C.*) Onless he has put some new fixins in de figgers. Say, I wanter be down on him. I ought to stay round unbeknown and watch him and them, when nobody ain't round. Dis will be money in my wad to git up a freak musee of my own. (*Knock D. F.*) Eh? Dar it comes agin! (*Gets broom.*) What do you want?

(*Voice of* WING FAT, *D. F.*) Me wantee washee.

MAT. Come agin in half a century, or you git sweepee.

WING FAT. (*Voice as before.*) Me come washee bimeby half-a l'hour.

MAT. I hope to git Lulu the job in half an hour. (*Sweeps vigorously.*)

Enter PATTERN *L. 1 E.*

PAT. He has fallen into the trap. (*Coughs.*) Ah, Matthew.

MAT. (*Starts.*) Oh, massa! I tought if was one ob de figgers.

PAT. They will not touch you if you do not touch them.

MAT. I'se not tetching nuffin.

PAT. What a novelty—to find you at work.

MAT. We all works; de *wax works*—ha, ha! So I works, too.

PAT. (*At stand.*) You will not work me much after this. Look! What has happened to this bust—my Virgin Queen?

MAT. (*Comes down.*) Your *Virgin wax* Queen, boss.

PAT. Stupid! The Virgin Queen of England—Queen Bess.

MAT. Dat's de *best* you ever did; but, like de queens, she took a tumble.

PAT. It is smashed!

MAT. Well, it wan't 'mashed on me.

PAT. (*Aside.*) He has been interfering. (*Aloud.*) I suppose you cannot keep your pickers and stealers to yourself.

MAT. I got to larn, boss.

PAT. What? To mind your own business?

MAT. Dat's it! I want dis to be my biz—I want to *muddle* wax an' sculp one of dese days.

PAT. You become a statuary!

MAT. Naw; to make *statutes*, not to be one. (*Frightened.*)

PAT. You are not fit to shape a wig block.

MAT. I hopes to make blockheads, like yours.

PAT. What?

MAT. Eberybody must begin. You make pooty faces now—

PAT. And you make ugly ones. (*Works at the bust.*) This has been badly handled—it is gritty.

MAT. 'Pears to me Queen Bess was a gritty ole queen.

PAT. (*Laughs.*) Ha, ha! Not bad for you. You are not such a fool.

MAT. But she hatter bite de dus', after all.

PAT. (*Laughs.*) Ha, ha!

MAT. I trows out de *supperstion* dat it was knock ober by dat Chinee, Fat Wing, when he come snoopin' roun' here fur de wash.

PAT. Matthew, you are always running down that Mongolian, Wing Fat, because you want the job for your steady company—what's her name?

MAT. Her name gwine to be Missis Mat. Spann; but in de meantime—while it is Lulu—yas, she is de card fur washing.

PAT. But the Chinee comes cheaper.

MAT. Dat's so; de 'Merican ought to be *dearer*—see?

PAT. American? Your Lulu is an African.

MAT. Well, Africa am nearer dan China, I calc'lates; 'sides she has gone done rejuced her terms on 'count of de hard soap.

PAT. The hard soap?

MAT. Did I say *soap*, boss? Hard *times*—precious little soap about.

PAT. None of your soft soap, Matthew. Of course, if that Chinaman, or any other, breaks my valuables, he loses his job—see?

MAT. Tank ye, boss. Say, this is loads better than your last wuck. Dat head looks laike a head, it does. (*Aside.*) Since I put my fine licks onto it.

PAT. Getting on, am I?

MAT. Dat mouth is like laife. Looks to bite.

PAT. How do you know but it may bite. I have to handle them carefully.

MAT. Why, no, boss. (*Doubtfully.*) Dey look good enough to eat, but dey can't bite, eh? Dey ain't got no laife.

PAT. Not in our hours. (*Solemnly.*)

MAT. Dat's what I say!

PAT. But in the witching time of night—(*Looks mysterious.*)

MAT. In de *switching* time, boss? Dey lash out, eh?

PAT. Then they may waltz round like the spooks and bogeys and grisly things.

MAT. Naw?

PAT. Yes. Is the wash ready for Johnny if he comes?

MAT. De wash is all laid out correck. But he wont come. Shirts on de dresser; socks in de soup tureen; and de hangchiffs in de—de knife box—all reggler.

PAT. (*Aside.*) He took the bait.

MAT. But dem tings cain't shake a leg, being of putty? I wish I could putty up laike dat. I would give my right hand.

PAT. Idiot! With what would you work, then?

MAT. (*Chuckling.*) Well, I is left-handed, any way.

PAT. But with a tool in that hand how would you manipulate the wax?

MAT. *Man-nipple-late?* Dat's good. Boss, I should *man-nipple-late* wid my toes. I see a feller in de Freak Musee do dat wid his feet.

PAT. No?

MAT. Fack! Dey called it a Feet on de bills.

PAT. But attend to the door. Leave me alone with my reverie.

MAT. Leabe him with his *referee!* Which one is dat?

PAT. If you disturb my musings—

MAT. (*Aside.*) Den dese yer figgers an' him is gwine ter hab music.

PAT. Some mysteries of art must not be profaned by—the—the profane—hem!

MAT. (*Aside.*) Curiosity is beating my fear all to nuffin!

PAT. The consequences of intrusion would be terrible.

MAT. (*Aside.*) I bet they are up to a merry-go-round to-night.

PAT. (*Pushing him up to D. F.*) Leave me to my meditations.

MAT. I am off, boss. I leave him to his medications. (*Shuts the D. F. but remains on the stage and hides behind screen of* CANADA.)

PAT. (*Aside.*) He has remained. Good. (*Takes up his cane.*) Now to deceive him. (*Waves the cane like a magician's wand.*) That Pry being gone, he cannot know that I possess the wand of power, the mahl-stick of my patron and namesake Raphael, by whose name I can outvie Pygmalion's dream. I can endow with life the smooth and flaccid wax.

MAT. (*Aside.*) The flax seed and wax? Life? Dis is lively.

PAT. Live anew, dwellers in my symposium! Banquet with me. Feast with Lucullus.

MAT. (*Aside.*) Feast with his *cullies!* (*Smacks his lips.*) I did just right to stay.

PAT. And a dance with Delsarte.

MAT. Dance with *Nell Sartain!* I nebber knew ole man Sartain had a darter—but what goings on?

PAT. Fancies of the artist, be animate! (*Strikes a gong.*)

MAT. (*Aside.*) Dat's my knell! Oh, dey is moving!

Curtains are drawn and discover the FIGURES *posed.*

MAT. Thunder! Here dey are!

PAT. (*To* WASHINGTON.) George, are you here? (*Offers his hand, which* WASHINGTON *takes to be helped to the stage.*) Shake!

MAT. Shake! I am shaking like a second rate pug before the champion already.

PAT. Descend and dwell on earth with me.

March music, to which the FIGURES *come out and go round.*

PAT. (*To* GEN. JACKSON.) Happy to see you, President. (*Presents* CHARLES DICKENS.) English Oak, let me show you our Old Hickory. This is the Dickens.

MAT. Going to the dickens, are we?

PAT. Britannia, allow me to place you next to Gov. McKinley! He has worked hard to keep you out, but it's no go. I'll introduce you to Mr. Wilson later.

MAT. (*Aside.*) Stick to him, ole gal. He's got the tin!

PAT. To the table, Longfellow, and strike the lyre!

MAT. (*Aside.*) What is he to hit me fur?

PAT. (*Brings forward* ALASKA.) My dear New South, you must know this latest acquisition, Alaska.

MAT. (*Aside.*) Pull down de sealskins! Oh, the ladies will take to her, sure.

SOUTH. Delighted. She makes one warm to her.

PAT. Oh, Utah! Glad you came. But you forgot your—hem—wives. Been divorced?

MAT. (*Aside.*) He ain't so Brigham-young as he uster be.

PAT. *goes up to the* FIGURE *behind which is* MAT.

MAT. Is he going to yank me out into the midst of them?

PAT. Say, Canada, wont you complete the company? Why, what are you waiting for?

MAT. For Mexico.

PAT. Oh, coming in together. All right; if you like to look on at the fun meanwhile.

MAT. (*Aside.*) And it makes it a *meanwhile!*

PAT. Your fate is to hitch onto our stars; so don't kick. (CANADA *stamps impatiently and* MAT. *is kicked.*)

MAT. (*Aside.*) Oh, don't she, though.

The FIGURES *parade around* PATTERN. *Gong.*

PAT. A mortal approaches.

MAT. (*Aside.*) I ain't reproaching nuffin.

PAT. To your places. Haste! (*As they pass he says familiarly.*) You do it beautiful.

FIGURES *retire into alcoves and curtains fall.*

PAT. I will leave MAT. to the mercies of the gang. (*Up.*) Now for a cigar and a siesta. (*Exit D. F., which he is heard to lock. Stage dark. Mysterious music.*)

MAT. (*Comes down frightened, rubbing his back.*) Say, Canada is a kicker. I have had my fill of this excitement. (*Finds the door is fastened.*) Locked in with these cheesy figgers. (*To table.*) What were they having? Oh, an apple that Miss South drapped. (*Bites.*) Wow! bruck a toof! plaster! (*Throws apple off R. and window is heard to break.*) Bruck a window now. (*A yell heard off R.*) Kilt some one on de street. (*Frightened. To R., looks off.*) Only dat Chinee. Well, no one will wanter fuss 'bout him, and Lulu will git his job. But I wanter git out. (*Tries door.*) I cain't. Say, what am I skeered of, anyway? If the boss managed them figgers, course I kin too. I see how he worked dem. (*Gets the cane after being afraid to touch it.*) Only a stick! I ain't afraid of anything that don't walk —or talk. (*Flourishes the cane.*) Say, you figgers wanter 'bey orders. No, dey wont move for me. Stop; I forgot de spell. (*Strikes the gong.*) No, dey want de word.

Curtains draw and disclose the FIGURES.

MAT. Why, it was massa's name, Raffle. I is gwine to draw a prize in dis raffle. Ha, ha! Raf-fle! D'ye hear! (*Plays pranks with the* FIGURES, *going from one to another with the cane.*) See! dis is a new kind of magician who can wuck wonders. Here, you—you Fair-y! (*Beckons to* CHICAGO.) Come off and do a dance wid yo' new pro-pri-a-tor.

CHICAGO *comes down.*

MAT. Have a snack? Here's some bake' beans. No, you ain't Boston. Give me a smack, then. (CHICAGO *slaps his cheek.* MAT. *Staggers back.*) Gee! If you wasn't a lady! Dat put my Corbett-bang up. You go back to your post or—(*Threatens with cane.* SANDOW-HERCULES *strikes cane with club and paralyses* MAT'S *arm.*) She can give a knock-out, dough. (*Knock R.*) Oh! Somebody coming! Say, git right back, now. Dat's St. Loo a-coming. (CHICAGO *arranges her hair at the mirror.*) I'se forgot de spell. Ruff-tuff—muff—I have muffed it. What is de word?

(*Voice of* WING FAT *off R.*) Wantee washee.

MAT. No; wantee wordee. Why, it is dat Chinee. Dis relieves me. Dat lop-ear shall be deir toy, not me. (*The* FIGURES *come down and hurry him about. He flies R.*) Come in, John. De wash is ready. (*Tries door.*) What a fool I am. De do' is locked. (SANDOW

aims a blow at him with club, which he dodges and the club bursts the door.

Enter WING FAT *R. door. He has a stone apple in his hand and holds it up so threatening that* MAT. *retreats. The* FIGURES *stand still.*

WING FAT. Hello! josh-house!

MAT. Josh nuffin!

WING FAT. Me wantee washee. No wantee rockee. (*Throws apple at* MAT., *who dodges, and crash heard where it falls.*)

MAT. Say, you have bruck one of our ch'icest figgers! You lose your job fur dat. No washee here. I give you into custody. (*Pushes him to sit on stove, which burns him.*) You sot dar till de officers come. I will keep you in check till—

WING FAT. (*Struggling.*) No checkee, no washee.

MAT. No nuffin! (*Seizes* WING FAT *by the cue as he runs and slings him out of window.*) Say, (*to* SANDOW) look at de muscle, you clam!

WING FAT. Me wantee washee. (*Without.*)

MAT. You will gettee washee if you drop into the gutter. I have cleared de kitchen of him, anyway. (*Knock D. F.*) What! Is he back agin? Lucky de do' is locked. No! On his side! I am a goner! (*Looks round at* FIGURES.) Ha, ha! dey is friz. How am I gwine to git dem back hunk again? (*Knock D. F.*)

(*Voice of* LULU *off D. F.*) Mat! Mat! Let me in.

MAT. Why, it is my Lou. Cain't do it!

LULU. Better say you wont.

MAT. 'Tain't dat; but I is left-handed, you know, and I locked myself in.

LULU. Yas, de key is here! I will let myself in! (*Opens D. F. and enters.*)

MAT. Dis lets me out. (*Looks round.*) What will she see? What will she say? Oh, one of dem is on de loose! (*Goes to* CHICAGO *to try to induce her to return to her niche*)

LULU. (*Comes down, surprised.*) What do you call dis. Dis is no parlor, is it? What are all dese dolls?

MAT. Dese dolls, young woman, means dollars to us. Me an' my boss makes 'em out of wax and disposes of dem at monstrous elevated prices. See!

LULU. Deir prices ought to be elevated—dey is a stuck-up lot. All 'cept dis one down here. Minx! But what did you keep me at de do' so long for?

MAT. I was looking out de wash fur you. We hab got rid ob dat Chinee—'cause he bruck our tings—and you are on de job! An ugger-ly yaller man!

LULU. Whar? Dis is a pooty white gal. (CHICAGO *at the mirror.*)

MAT. Dis is our chief figger—de waxiest ob dem all.

LULU. A figger of speech. Mat, you was digressin' of yo'self to her. Hussy! sweetness on sich a critter!

MAT. Doan' call dis a critter! At leastwiz, it is a mere critter of our fancy! de boss' an' mine.

LULU. Your fancy, is it? Shoo, I admires yer taste.

MAT. Yas, we made it to our taste.

LULU. You stand aside, and I'll taste her.

MAT. Doan' be preposterations! It is only a waxen image.

LULU. More laik a brazen image. Wax! You honey! You cain't fool me. What was you doing when I come?

MAT. She slid off her perch dar and I was trying to git her home afore de boss come in. If you was any kind of kind woman you would give me a boost. (*Wave the wand.*) What was dat word? Snaffle-traffel—baffle—yas, I is clean baffled.

LULU. Doan' poke my eye out! I prefer to take dem clothes and quit, dough I tink dese ladies needs de clothes mos'.

MAT. Doan' be prediculous. Dese yer ladies' clothes is *staff*.

LULU. Staff? stuff! you make me laff! I wonder dis one ain't got de grip. (*Points at* CHICAGO, *who seizes her.*) Oh, crabs and crawfish! Nipped me like a vise!

MAT. Dat shows de vartue.

LULU. (*Retreating, sees* CUPID.) Oh, look at de pooty little kid!

MAT. Yas, dat is anodder of our little compositions. (*Spells label.*) C-U-P-I-D—Cuspidor.

LULU. Idiot! Cupid! I know better dan dat.

MAT. No, 'tain't it! It is Puck. I hab seen him on de noosepape' many a time. Only he has a bow-arrer 'stid of a pencil case.

LULU. Cupid or Puck, he is a little love.

MAT. Look out! He's gwine to shoot you—or me! (*He tries to cover himself from* CUPID, *who shoots arrow. It flies out at L. window. Yell off L.*)

WING FAT *appears at L. window as if shot.*

WING FAT. Me wantee washee, no wantee shootee.

LULU. Anodder of your *decompositions?*

MAT. No. Lu, dat 'rival is your *rival*—de under-cuttin' Chince washer man. Give him an *upper-cut*, gal.

LULU. My rival? (*Belligerent.*)

WING FAT. Yep. Me wantee washee. (*Trying to get in at window.*)

MAT. (*Throws wax at him.*) You gettee outee.

WING FAT. Me 'tickee here.

MAT. That *sticks* you.

WING FAT. (*Struggling with wax.*) Me denouncee you to policeman.

LULU. You gettee bouncee! (LULU *attacks* WING FAT *and* CUPID *dodges* MAT. *and escapes by window with* WING FAT.)

MAT. Say, you have let him skip. There is no Love between us now.

LULU. When Love jumps out of the window poverty comes in by the door.

MAT. Correck! I is a mouty poor nigger now. I am 'sponsible for de figgers. I shall go and frow myself away in de ribber.

LULU. Better put you'self up in a raffle—as a fat goose.

MAT. (*In joy.*) Raffle? Dat's de boss' name and de spell. In de name of Raffle, all you fellows get back to hunk. You in pertickler, miss. (*To* CHICAGO.)

The FIGURES *hustle both* LULU *and* MAT.

LULU. Help! dey are hugging me!

MAT. Help, massa! dey is too much for me. (*At D. F.*) Oh, here he is.

LULU. De little love?

MAT. De boss! (*Opens D. F.*)

WING FAT. (*Appears D. F.*) Me wantee—

LULU. Well, you wont get washee!

WING FAT. No, me wantee you! me lovee you! we makee biz and washee-washee.

CUPID *in D. F. shows that he made the Chinaman love her. Aims at* LULU.

LULU. Why, cert! Mat, you are broke! Whar are dem clo'? John, we are pardners.

WING FAT. Me tankee you.

MAT. What? (*Snatches club from* SANDOW.) Me spankee you! (*In the fight* LULU *takes away the club and holds* WING FAT *by the cue so that* MAT. *cannot shove him out.* MAT. *gets the hatchet from* WASHINGTON *and strikes a blow. The cue is cut and* WING FAT *drops out with a yell.*)

LULU. You brute! you will nebber see me no more!

MAT. (*Drops club and falls on his knees.*) You are real mean to leabe me wid dese figgers! Help! Who will sabe me? Help me and I will be you' best help afterwards!

Enter PATTERN *L. D. with his blouse off.*

PAT. I take the offer.

MAT. See! I keep my place.

LULU. Oh!

PAT. And but for this young woman's fancying a Chinee I should have taken her for the housework.

MAT. (*To* LULU.) Can't you veto that resolve of yourn?

LULU. Mat, I loved you all de time.

PAT. Swear! (LULU *and* MAT *kneel.*)

MAT. I was allers brung up pious, but fur four dollars a week—

FIG. Swear!

MAT. Darn it, den! (*Gong.*)

ALL LAUGH. Ha, ha, ha!

PAT. You are forgiven, on condition that you two get the supper ready. My friends here, who have played the part of the wax-works, will want refreshment after the dance. (*Dance music.*)

MAT. De figgers your friends?

PAT. Friends, who will take cake and wine.

MAT. Yas, dey take de cake, suah. (*Dance by all.*)

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